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G. W. STARR.

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the Daily Advertiser office) Boston, is our agent for

the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and

Baltimore.

Book and Job Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

FOR THE HUNGARIANS.

O God of Battles! then that erst

And ever battled for the good and right;

Thou who from heaven in thunder burst

To aid them Israel in her fight,

Come down, we pray thee, with mighty powers

Drive the invader from this land of ours.

Thy spirit, Lord, we know to be

Our only hope when thus oppressed;

Thou hast us in thy breathless liberty,

Thou hast us in thy world's rest.

For who with us is not faint and weak,

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tionally suppressing a fact which I had a claim

to know—that she was quite sure she had no

motive for concealment, and was even uncon-

scious of having a secret; until she woke up in

the night thinking about it—and really, then,

foolish as it was, she could not help crying

about it too; for of this she was certain, that

there was no affection where there was conceal-

ment.

And what was the mighty secret after all?

“Oh, no! you mistake me. It is no mighty

secret—far from it; for they are only mere ac-

quaintances, the Pimbles, though pleasant peo-

ple enough, but I fancied the concealment might

look intentional. It is something Mrs. Pimble

told me the other day when we dined there.—

“There is a probability of her girl marrying yes,

so she says; pretty well—an Indian; but I

believe the event will not take place this

month.”

“Oh, well, if that’s all, the secret was not a

mighty one. I could have waited the ten months

for the news, and you know I should have been

sure to have heard it then.”

“That’s very true, my dear; but then, you

know, in the meantime concealment—

Such sensibility could not be too tenderly es-

timated; and when I looked round my little

world of friends, and my wide universe of ac-

quaintances, delightful indeed was the contrast

which the candor and openness presented. In

all directions I could hear familiar phrases lying

about, such as—“My wife knows nothing

of this,” or, “You need not mention it before

Edward,” or, “There is no occasion to tell Jane

things of this kind,” or, “He hates to hear about

such matters, so not a syllable, if you please,”

while we in our little matrimonial sanctum, had

set up a confidential for all innocent communi-

cations; and as often as we had anything to say,

and a good deal often, to that we could repair

for a blissful interchange of confidence.

It was necessary to give a thought occasion-

ally to the chilling reserve discernible in families

around us, for I could not afford to think less

of the trifling inconveniences attendant upon our

own system. Every day brought with it a half

dozen small secrets for Mrs. Shallowlove to hide

from her husband—matters that for her part

she had no idea of telling “St. John” about; but on

the contrary, every day brought in my ears, fresh

from the innocent lips of my wife, a hundred

absurdities which there was no earthly reason

to mention to any body.

“Oh, you are not here are you? I have only

just six words—when you have finished your let-

ters will do.”

“No, Marianne, now; I’m ready to listen—

and my pen would be laid down, of course.”

“Presently would do as well, but I wished to

tell you that I have heard from mamma—”

“Yesterday, my love. She was well, all,

going on smoothly, and she had nothing to com-

municate, you told me.”

“Yes, but I have heard again from her this

morning; half an hour ago, only I have had no

opportunity of telling you, and I can’t bear any

more to be dwelling on my mind. Here is her

letter; you can read it. She has no intelligence

to add to that she sent yesterday, and has there-

fore nothing to say.”

“Oh.”

“Oh, and I never told you that Mr. Duckit

has left his house—”

“Was his house to let, Marianne? I didn’t

know.”

“Yes, Oh, yes, his house was to let, and he

has now let it, I am told—the fixtures taken at

a fair valuation. Besides that, it seems he means

to retire from business, and sell his Canadian

property.”

“Ah, very well, Marianne, I suppose he knows

his own business—well, well, well, though I don’t

know him but by sight.”

“No, to be sure, we knew nothing of him, and

by I thought I wouldn’t conceal—Oh, and I then

said Miss Duckit, a chattering thing, she has

just been here, and I fancied you would have

what in the world she could be telling me—

“No, I indeed; and I hope you don’t think it

necessary.”

“Yes, but I don’t think there’s really little to

ment; partly perfectly Baccanian. Not a word

about my wife. I did think it cool, and it heat-

ed me accordingly.

But its effect on me was of no consequence—

what could be its effect on the mind of Marianne?

So familiar was the tone and style of the

epistle, so absurdly inconsistent with the account

I had always given, that although I feared not

its power to work any unkind suspicion in her

mind, I knew well that it would disturb and en-

rage her. Perfectly blameless as I was, it must

yet seem—so very free was my correspondent

—that I had insensibly, inadvertently encourag-

ed the unaccountable familiarity. I resolved af-

ter a minute’s consideration to spare her the an-

noyance. Why should she, angel that she was

(and it, whether she should choose to see this

paper or not) be even a momentary sufferer by

such imperfection? But how to take in safety

this first step in the dark regions of secrecy—

how to manage the first violation of our com-

pact!—how to effect my First Concealment!

Mark, ye married youth, that ye may avoid

I said I was blameless—and yet I must needs

be a schemer, and work with the tools of guilt.

The letter having been found under the pack-

et, had been unobserved by me until their res-

torial. Marianne had made no mention of it,

the seal was unbroken—perhaps she had not

seen it at all. What then so easy? I would

burn it at once. Not so;—stop! If she had

seen the letter itself, she must have heard the

postman’s knock—our house was not so large

(how the family has increased!) and she knew

that a letter had been left. To put it aside—

half hide it for the evening, would, if she should

chance to notice its absence, or spy the epistle

itself, look most awkward and suspicious. It

would denote my consciousness of something,

and deprive me of the power of explaining any-

thing. I should be convicted of a desire to con-

ceal, without profiting by my guilt.

The thought struck me—yes, I had it. I ap-

ply the letter, though from the same family

party, was not from the same person who had

frequently written; and even if Marianne had

seen it, it was unlikely she had recognized the hand.

Forth from my pocket I drew a letter which I

had brought from the club—it was from Tom

Jones, of St. Johns, to come and smoke with

him. Triumphantly drawing Tom’s letter from

the envelope, and performing the same operation

with respect to the new comer, I placed the ob-

ject’s smoky summons in the envelope of my ob-

jectionable correspondent, thrust one into my

pocket and threw the other carelessly on the

table. There it lay, to all appearance, the very

same, save and except its broken seal, that I had

found there! That was the letter just left by

the postman! What a masterpiece of policy!

I felt at the moment, that I ought at least to

get a secretaryship to an embassy from the gov-

ernment. My talents had been sadly thrown

away, buried alive under heaps of honesty!

While thus pleasantly musing, wandering as

I might say, between Constantinople and Mad-

rid, Marianne entered. I was then deeply ab-

sorbed in books and papers. There lay the clever

deception—the innocent, the criminal episode—

the wolf in sheep’s clothing. My Marianne, af-

ter a minute or two, approached the table, and

took it up. I never raised my eyes, nor seem-

ed conscious of the action. There was silence

—broken only by the rustling of my papers—

“Yes,” thought I, “you may read with quiet-

ness—you cannot know how cunningly I have

contrived to spare you an annoyance!”

No sooner had this thought been conceived,

than a faint noise, a low cry of fright and pain,

stunned my innocent soul. I looked up and saw

my wife’s face perfectly white—

“The letter! the letter! the letter!”

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MEXICO, MAINE

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BROWN & Co. PROPRIETORS.

On time until I shall be ordered that I shall pay no
debts of his contracting, and claim none of his ex-
penses after this date.

BENJAMIN HAMILTON.

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Hatches, Jewelry & Fancy Goods,
NORWAY VILLAGE ME.